

I Wanted To Leave (I Couldn't Leave Without You) by xllecaightwood

Series: [a place for tiny perfect harringrove moments \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Hargrove Is Bad at Feelings, Billy Hargrove Loves Steve Harrington, Bisexual Steve Harrington, Boys In Love, Emotional, Established Relationship, Gay Billy Hargrove, M/M, Protective Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington Loves Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington Needs a Hug, Steve and Billy need one another, Steve is scared of being left alone, They just have so much love for one another, they live happily ever after

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

"I wanted to leave. I want to leave. To get as far from Hawkins as I possibly can." Billy could see the heartbreak replace the rage on Steve's face as he spoke.

"I couldn't leave without you."

or, Billy and Steve have an emotional moment when Max tells Steve about something Billy never brought up.

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Author's Note:

A small fic from a random thought I had.
Some emotional Steve and Comforting Billy.
Just misunderstandings and boys in love.

Steve's been quiet. Billy noticed earlier after they met at the arcade with the kids. Steve had been talking to Max and Dustin before they had left them with the promise of getting them in a few hours and heading to Steve's house. But Steve had been weird, had stayed silent in the car just letting the radio echo between them.

Billy had leaned in and kissed Steve as they entered his house and usually, Steve relished in the feeling of Billy kissing him. But Steve had barely even returned the kiss. He had gave a small peck back and made his way to the kitchen. And Billy tried his damn best not to question it. Tried to not overreact just in case he was misreading it.

But it was getting harder to deal with the silence. The hour mark approached, Billy had drawn a few "yea" and "no" from Steve, but he didn't give him much else. So, as they sat opposite each other on the bed, Steve's head stuck in some stupid magazine and Billy staring at him questioning. Billy decided enough was enough.

"Steve. You gonna tell me what's bothering you? Or we gonna sit in silence for the rest of the night?" Steve looked up from the magazine he had in his hands. He gripped it a little to tightly and Billy took note. Billy watched his movements, the way he couldn't quite meet Billy's eyes. He was fidgety, the way he gets when he's upset or worried. And that, that scared Billy. Because Steve wasn't angry, he was upset.

"Steve?" Billy spoke softly, concerned.

"Are you leaving?" It was blunt, Steve's tone was sharp. His voice was quieter than usual though, reserved. The crack in his voice making it clear he was struggling to keep it together.

“What?” Billy’s confusion spread across his face as he spoke. The fuck?

“Are you leaving? Max told me about some college in California. You got an acceptance letter apparently.” And there it was. Something Billy had been avoiding talking about. Something Billy was shit scared of dealing with if he was being totally honest. Fucking Max putting her foot in everything.

“Shit.” Billy sits forward from the headboard of Steve’s bed. He looks at Steve, meeting his eyes and Steve looks like he’s on the verge of crying. Like he might break at any moment. “I was gonna tell you about this ok. Don’t freak out on me.”

“Don’t freak out.” Steve scoffs, and it’s broken and his voice is cracking. He flings the magazine off the bed and stands up. He’s freaking the fuck out, Billy can tell, can feel the hurt radiating from him. As he paces, back and forth and back and forth.

“You’re fucking leaving, aren’t you?” Steve stops, looking at Billy where he sits. It’s overwhelming seeing Steve like this. Because Billy’s never been good at helping these kind of situations. He’s never been very good at telling people how he feels.

Billy stands and reaches for Steve’s hand, which is torn from him before he even really gets a hold. Steve’s backing up a little from him and Billy sighs. And then he nods. Steve’s face is red and he’s looking at Billy with rage.

“I wanted to leave. I want to leave. To get as far from Hawkins as I possibly can.” Billy could see the heartbreak replace the rage on Steve’s face as he speaks. Finally, answering Steve’s question. Billy notices the way Steve’s face drops, and his eyes spill tears. He gives Billy a glassy look, a choked angry laugh and a stuttered sob escapes his lips and Steve feels like his heart is going to collapse in his chest. He can’t breathe all of a sudden. And it fucking hurts.

“You’re leaving me?” It’s broken and raw as the question spills from Steve’s lips. He’s not hiding a damn emotion as he asks the question. But Billy he’s shaking his head at Steve. Frantically. Billy can see the fear again. Could hear it when he asked that stupid

fucking question. He always told Billy he feared being left alone; he was left alone by his parents most of the time. And Billy thinks back to a moment, a sort of distant memory, that he's pretty sure Steve was too exhausted to remember.

"Never leave me alone, Bill."

Steve had said it one night, just on the brink of sleep. He was wrapped in Billy's arms, warm, safe. He had let the comfort relax him and he had spoken the words without much thought before drifting off to sleep. But Billy he had heard it clear as day. Had understood the fear that echoed from those words.

And Billy's chest had ached for days after it. Because he knew where that fear came from. He felt the same about Steve. Had the fear he would lose him.

But Steve's fear of losing Billy. Billy could never quite understand that. He had assumed Steve would realise he was too good for Billy eventually and leave. But, when Steve had uttered those words Billy realised how much Steve cared for him, needed him. And that scared the shit out of him, to be wanted like that by Steve. He didn't deserve that.

So, as Steve stood in front of him, completely frozen, broken sobs escaping his lips. Billy's chest ached, ached at the thought of leaving Steve alone.

His chest ached even more at the fact Steve; his Steve, would think Billy would ever leave him. Because that, that is something Billy would never do.

"I couldn't leave without you." Billy's shaking his head at Steve as their eyes meet. Steve's cheeks are wet, and his eyes are sad. But he lets out a large exhale, and his body goes kind of limp in front of Billy.

"You couldn't?" He chokes a sob as he speaks, and Billy's eyes are soft as he looks at him.

"You really think I would leave without you?" Billy's eyes search Steve's, and he can tell from the way that Steve avoids his eyes that

he thought that Billy would. As if he means nothing to Billy. Oh, how wrong he was.

"I—" Steve stutters, a sob escapes his lips once again as he tries to form words. So, he shrugs, not trusting his voice to answer Billy's question. Not really wanting Billy to know that the answer is yes. He thinks Billy will leave. Everyone leaves.

Billy's hands are on his cheeks before he can even notice Billy has gotten closer to him. His face is inches from his, and Billy looks sad, worried, desperate.

"Steve." Steve winces at the sound of his name, scared of what the next words from Billy's mouth will be.

"Baby. I would never, ever, leave without you. You should know that by now." Billy's voice is soft again, his hands cradling his face as his eyes pour into Steve's. Pleading for him to see the truth.

"People always leave me behind." It's heart wrenching when Steve says those words. But Billy stifles a nervous laugh and Steve looks at him confused.

"I'm not one of those people. You're it for me, Harrington." It's the most vulnerable Billy has ever been with Steve. But it was the truth.

"I am?"

"Always" There's silence between them for a moment. As if Steve is processing the words Billy just said. He's overwhelmed and feels like his chest finally settles in his chest. He's it for Billy, and that's terrifyingly beautiful. Because that's all he wants. After everything, the only thing that he wants is Billy.

"I would go anywhere with you Billy. You just have to ask."

"I applied for that college way before I ever had a reason to stay here. I wouldn't have just up and left you." Billy sighs "I was gonna tell you, I just didn't want to ruin anything" And Steve can tell Billy's telling the truth.

"I would come with you. If you wanted to go. If you need to leave Hawkins, I would come with you."

And Billy's lips meet Steve's before Steve can say another word. It's desperate and they are gripping at each other with everything they have. It's wet and full of sobs, but it's perfect. And Billy's putting everything he can into the kiss because Steve would go with him. And Billy has never felt so fucking loved in his whole life that someone would follow him somewhere to make sure he was happy.

Steve breathlessly pulls away, before resting his forehead on Billy's. He snuffles a little, but he can see now that he's safe. That he isn't going to be left alone. Because he's realised the way Billy expresses things now and that kiss. That kiss to Billy was a thank you. A thank you for saying you would come with me. That kiss meant I love you. And that was enough.